DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1903. NUMBER 7

Published every week.
$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

Beginning Again.

When sometimes our feet grow weary,
On the rugged hills of life—
The path stretching long and dreary
With trial and labor rife—
We pause on the toilsome journey,
Glancing backward in valley and glen,
And sigh with infinite longing
To return and begin again.

For behind is the dew of the morning
In all its freshness and light,
And before are doubts and shadows,
And the chill and gloom of night.
We remember the sunny places
We passed so carelessly then,
And ask, with a passionate longing,
To return and begin again.

Ah, vain, indeed, is the asking,
Life's duties press all of us on,
And who dare shrink from the labor,
Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone?
And it may not be far on before us,
Wait fairer places than then—
Life's paths may yet lead by still waters,
Though we may not begin again.

For evermore upward and onward,
Be our paths on the hills of life,
And soon will a radiant dawning
Transfigure the toil and the strife.
And our Father's hand will lead us
Tenderly upward then;
In the joy and peace of a fairer world
He'll let us begin again.

—LILLIAN WHITING.

The Poisoned Arrow.

Four o'clock in the afternoon of New Years Day, and, stretched on the sofa by a glowing log fire, Nina Erskine is sleeping quietly. Outside, in the gathering twilight, the wind howls mournfully, and sweeps against the windows a sleety rain. In the long drawing room the silence is unbroken, save for the sleepy tick of the clock and an occasional crackle of the smouldering logs.

Suddenly the pale face of the pretty sleeper becomes agitated. Her lips tremble, her forehead puckers; some painful dream is agonising her. Her eyes open wide, but with a far-away, distant look. She half rises, and says in a low tone: "For my sake, Alec! for my sake!" Then, awaking with a start, she gazes round as if uncertain whether or no she is still dreaming.

At that instant the door opens, and an elderly man in clergyman's attire enters.

"Well, Nina," he says, "how are you, dear? Have you been having a doze?"

"Oh, father!" she answers; "such a terrible dream I had!"

Her troubled look distresses her father, who hastily replies:

"Oh, this won't do at all, dear; you'll be making yourself ill again if you go worrying about dreams. Lie back, that's a good girl, and I'll ring for tea."

* * *

"No, Frank, we can't have a fire to-night. To-morrow, with luck, we ought to be clear of this Arecoonah country, and then we can once more have some cooked victuals The very idea of a good roast iguana steak positively makes my mouth water."

Alec Maitland and I, with our one Indian guide, Simiri, had just, after a hard day's paddling, camped on the Tokoio River, one of those great tributaries of the Essequibo which cross the upper plateau of British Guiana.

We were on our way back from a very successful orchid hunting expedition in the almost unknown wilds that lie around the great Roaring Mountain. In the marvellous upland country we had found not only great quantities of rare species, but two hitherto unknown varieties, which we hoped, could we but bring them safe to England, would prove a surer source of wealth than the gold so many were eagerly seeking on the Venezuelan border For we were both anxious to make our little pile and settle down—Alec intensely so, for his lack of fortune was the only bar to his marriage with Nina Erskine, to whom he had for two years been engaged.

On our way back to Georgetown, we had discovered from friendly Indians that the Arecoonahs, a strong and savage tribe, were on the war-path, and we were warned most carefully to avoid them Consequently, for over a week we had silently skulked down the winding river, never landing except at night, or when portages were absolutely necessary; lighting no fire, and carefully avoiding all use of firearms.

"What's the day of the month?" asked Alec, as we lay in our hammocks after our scanty meal.

"Thirtieth, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, "and to-morrow's New Year's Eve. We had a pretty poor sort of Christmas. I do hope we're clear of these niggers, and able to have a better time on New Year's Day."

"Well, we must start early to-morrow," said Alec. "So good-night."

At earliest dawn next morning our light canoe was flying down the strong current; and by twelve, when we rested for lunch, we had only about ten miles more to the Hyawa rapids, beyond which, in the friendly Lokono country, we might consider ourselves safe from any hostile natives.

"We'll do it easy before sunset," said I. And at that very instant Simiri uttered a startled exclamation.

We looked up. There, on the steep right-hand bank, a couple of hundred yards away, silent and still as statues, stood some twenty splendid savages in full war-paint!

No need for a word. Paddles were dipped, and off we flew. With a yell the hostiles followed down the bank. What they were after was plain. Here we were out of arrow-range; further down, where the steam narrowed in the rapids, their darts, poisoned with that terrible curari venom could easily reach as.

For a time we kept well ahead. There was no path along the bank, and so long as the river was fairly straight and unobstructed we were safe. But we knew there was a great curve round a hill further down, and dreaded lest our foes might cross the neck of the bend and catch us at the rapids. Our one chance was to forestall them, unless we were to abandon our orchid treasures, canoe and all and take to the forest on the left.

Never shall I forget that terrible afternoon. Down the clear wine-colored stream, swarming with fish and turtle, past long points of rock and islands of yellow sand, where clouds of butterflies, blue, yellow, and red, sucked the moisture at the water's edge, we drove along, the yells of our pursuers, now close, now distant, spurring our flagging efforts. There a deer drinking in some secluded bay would throw up his head and bound away as we shot into sight; again a flock of green parrots screamed overhead Monkeys chattered at us from the tall ceiba trees, and once a great snake leisurely swimming across dived hastily at our approach.

The great curve was at hand, and the disappearance of our foes warned us, as we feared, that they were cutting us off.

"Shall we leave the canoe?" gasped Alec.

"No," I muttered, between my clenched teeth.

The hot sun glared down on the open reaches, the perspiration poured off our arms, and faces, my head was swimming, and Simiri, I noticed with dismy, was swaying in his seat like a drunken man.

At last the defile came in sight. Ordinarily we should have portaged. Now we had to take our chance of shooting the rapids Faster and faster the swift current bore us along. In a moment a white waste of tumbling, leaping, boiling foam was in sight, and at the same instant a savage yell came to our ears as from the fringe of forest emerged our enemies, who ran, bounding from rock to rock, for the lower end of the rapids, where, if we came safe through without upset, we should be at the mercy of their arrows.

It was a neck-and-neck race. We no longer paddled. The fierce stream swept the fragile canoe down like a withered leaf. Every instant I thought we should be dashed to atoms on one of the great black jutting rocks that rose against us through the veil of spray. But Simiri steered in truly marvellous fashion, and before I well realized it, we were in the calm, lake-like expanse below Turning to the left, and paddling with all our little remaining force, we made a last effort to escape.

Another instant, and almost I thought we were safe, when, phit, phit!—a shower of blowpipe darts rained round us.

Alec, behind me, uttered a slight cry. I turned. There, in his bare brown arm, was sticking a tiny back arrow, six inches long, around the top of which was bound a ball of raw cotton.

"I'm done for, old chap," he said bitterly. "It's poisoned!"

Dropping the paddle, I lost not a moment in tearing a strip from my shirt and twisting a tight bandage round the upper part of the wounded limb; whilst Simiri, who loved Alec with dog-like fidelity, extracted the dart and carefully sucked the wound.

But the effects of curari are deadly beyond belief. Before we could reach the Lokono village, where, safe from the baffled hostiles, we could camp in peace, my poor, friend had sunk into a deathly torpor, from which it seemed impossible to arouse him.

We carried him up and laid him in a hut. All night long we worked, making hot drinks, hot poultices, trying everything we could possibly think of, but all seemed vain. It was quite beyond us to stir him, and he lay motionless, with bluish face and contracted limbs, breathing heavily, his pulse at times almost imperceptible.

Simiri, who had had much experience of the working of this fearful poison, gave up hope. The Lokonos seemed amazed he had lived so long.

And so the dreary night wore by. The sun rose, and Alec still lived. He was even sensible at times, but seemed now to have lost all care whether he lived or died. If only I could awake in him some desire for life! Seven, eight, nine o'clock! The blazing sun was high in the sky, and I, worn out with grief and fatigue, sat huddled on the floor of the tiny reed hut beside Alec's rough couch.

And then, whilst I watched in dull despair, occurred a truly astonishing thing. The apparently dying man sat suddenly bolt upright, and, gazing straight before him, spoke up strong and clear:

"Nina!" he said—Nina, dearest, don't look so troubled; I tell you I will come home to you!" Then he lay back.

Horribly afraid this was but a flicker before the end, I got up and stood beside him. He turned to me with quite a natural smile.

"Don't worry, old man!" he said; "I'm better. I'm going to get over it."

And the extraordinary thing is that he did! From that moment when, in this remarkable fashion, the desire of life was rekindled within him, Alec got steadily better. He took brandy and broth, his face lost that dreadful blue tinge, and, to the absolute stupor of the friendly Indians, he was that same evening, although still very weak, able to get up and be helped outside the hut.

So after all our New Year's Day, which began so sadly, ended in joy.

* * * *

Since we have been home, and Alec and Nina are married, his wife has told me the story of her New Year's Day dream.

She declares that, in the dream, she found herself standing at the end of a grass couch on which lay her sweetheart, ill, and apparently dying. Of me or any other surroundings she was quite unconscious —Alec's form was all she saw. That she burst out crying, and implored him for her sake to get better and come home to her That then he seemed to revive, sat upright, and answered her, though in what words she was unable to say

Allowing for difference of longitude and time, her vision and Alec's sudden revival must have occurred, as far as we could made out, at almost the identical moment.

Is it possible, think you, that in spirit she really visited him, and so saved the life that was and is so much to her?—*London Answers.*

The worst feature of "Buffalo" Jones' plan to cross the last of the buffalo with range cattle is that the new brute must part his name in the middle. It is to be called a "catalo."

Galvanized iron is merely iron dipped in molten zinc. The coating is not applied electrically, as the term galvanized seems to imply.

It is estimated that 1400 tons of sultanas are used every Christmas in British plum-puddings.

Lincoln's Favorite Poem.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid,
And the young and the old the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and toge her shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother, that infant's affection who proved,
The husband, that mother and infant who blessed—
Each all are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and the just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same as our fathers have been,
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same courses our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling—
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story they cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—aye, they died—and we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies o'er their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath;
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded salon to the bier and the shroud:—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Lincoln at Gettysburg.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Lew Wallace's Lincoln Story

General Lew Wallace speaking of the great Emancipator says:

"I will tell tell you of an incident which I have never before made public. I do not know that it is proper, but the man whom it is about is gone, so I will relate it. I had an engagement with Lincoln to call at the White house and present two ladies who desired to meet him. The time set for the call was 11 A M. At the appointed hour I presented myself, in company with the ladies. As I was ushered in, I saw at the farther end of the long room the tall form of Lincoln leaning against a window. He waved his hand, indicating that I was to take the ladies to a sofa, and then by another wave of the hand he motioned for me to come to him My heart filled with sympathy for him, for I knew something was wrong. There were deep lines of suffering about the face, the features were drawn and pinched. His hair was thin and uncombed. He was naturally somewhat stoop-shouldered, but seemed to be especially so on this occasion. If I were to live a thousand years, I would not forget the anguish of the expression of his face. I said:

"'Mr. Lincoln, I hope you are not sick'

"He replied: 'No, I am not sick.'

"I said: 'You look sad. Something terrible must have happened.'

"He made no reply, but calling a servant he asked how long it would be until the boat left the wharf for Harrison's Landing. The answer was, in thirty minutes. Then, turning to me, Lincoln said in an undertone, and the sadness of his face deepened as he said it: 'I must go on that boat to Harrison's Landing on the James River.'

"'What for?' I asked, in surprise.

His voice dropped: 'To keep McClellan from surrendering the army.'

"It was after the seven days' battle and the leader of the great army was retreating before the Confederates.

"At this point I introduced the ladies and retired. In thirty minutes Lincoln was on board the boat, speeding away on his journey. The next I heard of him he was at Harrison's Landing and the Union Army was not surrendered."

Lincoln's Kindness to a White House Sentry

"Our fellow citizen of the White House," is the subject of an article in *The Century Magazine* that entertainingly describes life at the Executive Mansion.

There have been no soldiers as guardians under the shadow of the great Ionic columns since the war; and even then, on one fierce winter night, the boy in blue who was on guard was not allowed to maintain professional decorum. Mr. Lincoln, emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection; for he was his way to the War Department, at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight despatches from the field. As the blast struck him, he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and turning to him, said: "Young man, you've got a cold job to-night; step inside and stand guard there."

"My orders keep me out here," the soldier replied.

"Yes," said the President, in his argumentative tone; "but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in." "I have been stationed outside," the solider answered, and resumed his beat

"Hold on here!" said Mr. Lincoln as he turned back again; "it occurs to me that I am commander-in-chief of the army, I order you to go inside."

A New Lincoln Story.

There is a citizen of Cleveland who can add a very pleasant story to the volume of Lincolniana. He, with his four brothers, all young men, was in the Federal Army during the war, and one of the brothers, nineteen years old, after a particularly fierce campaign, found himself in a Washington military hospital.

His mother came from Cleveland to do what she could to aid him He passed the crisis of his illness safely, and when he was well enough to be moved, the mother went to the White House to ask his discharge from the army. She had no letters of introduction, but her simple story was enough. She saw the President, and in his kindly way he questioned her. She told the story of her five soldier boys, and when she had finished, he stepped to his desk and wrote an order for the young man's discharge

"Take that madam," he said, "and get your boy. Then bring him here I want to talk with him"

He gave an order to a secretary, the President's carriage was brought round, and the mother rode away to the hospital. Then she and the convalescent youth rode back to the White House, where they dined. Later on the President handed the mother two railroad tickets to Cleveland and a document setting forth that it was his (the President's) wish that the young man should be given a position in the government service whenever he desired it.

For nearly a third of a century that wartime stripling has held an excellent office in the Treasury Department at Washington.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A Story About Lincoln.

Senator Mills has a new story about Lincoln. It was told to him by a son of John L. Helm, of Kentucky, who lives in Corsicana.

"Old John L. Helm," said the Senator, "was a famous character in Kentucky. He was, if I remember rightly, a governor of the State, but at any rate his position was a prominent one. When the Civil War came Helm was a rabid secessionist. He could not praise the South too highly, and could not heap enough abuse upon the North. He was too old to go into war with his sons, and remained at home, and doing all he could for the Confederate cause and harass the Yankees who invaded the State. Finally he became so obstreperous that the Federal general who was in command near Helm's home had to put him in prison The old man's age, the high position which he occupied in the State, his wide connection, and inability to do any actual harm, were all pleaded in his extenuation and he was released. Instead of profiting by the warning, the old man became more persistent than ever in his course Once more he was clapped into jail This happened two or three times, and finally, while he was still locked up, the matter was brought to the attention of the Federal authorities. Even President Lincoln was appealed to, and asked to commit the ardent Southerner to an indefinite confinement in order that he might be curbed.

"Lincoln listened to the statement of the case with more than usual interest Then he leaned back and began to speak, with a smile upon his face: 'You are talking about old man John Helm? Well, did you know that I used to live, when I was a boy, in Helm's town? He was kind to me. He seemed to like me as a boy, and he never lost an opportunity to help me He seemed to think,' said Lincoln, with another of his almost pathetic smiles, "that I would probably make something of a man. Why, when I went out to Illinois, poor and unknown, that man gave me the money to pay my way and keep me until I got a start. John Helm? O yes, I know him. And I know what I owe to him. I think I can fix his case.'

"And then," said Senator Mills, "Lincoln went to a desk and wrote a few words. The bit of writing is treasured in the Helm household to this day. This is what the President wrote:

"I hereby pardon John L. Helm, of Kentucky, for all that he has ever done against the United States, and all that he ever will do.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

The Palm Tree.

The palm tree is one of the most valuable trees in the Republic of Liberia. If I am not too positive, it would be the same to the whole world. It was found on the Liberian coat of arms, and also on her copper money. You can find it printed on our currency and on our seal. This shows that none of the trees is of such value to Liberia as the palm tree.

The fruit of this valuable tree has been so long before the markets of the world that one of the foreign firms has adopted this tree as a trade-mark for matches.

As the fathers of our country, we use it to make oil with which we fry our fish, meat, potatoes and other vegetables. This oil, when properly made, is far better than the lard imported from foreign countries, and will keep much longer.

One can also get from this tree a kind of wine known as "palm wine." This wine is sometimes so strong that when you drink the least bit it will make you as intoxicated as any alcoholic drink, and again you can manage to get a kind that is very delicious and cooling and no matter how much you drink you will not get drunk.

From this tree can also be taken a kind of cabbage called the "palm cabbage." I have never tasted this kind of cabbage, but am told that it is a very fine and delicious diet.

In making oil from the fruit of this good tree, there is a very delicious part left after extracting the oil, which we eat on rice, cassava, eddoes, potatoes, or any food of the bread family. This is what we call the "palm butter." We can ship as produce the kernels of the nut of this tree

The nuts can also make a very fine oil. This oil is a very good remedy for stiffness, ulcers and other things. Apply it by rubbing.

The shell that a taken off of the nut is used by the blacksmiths to make fire. The palm nuts themselves grow on a stalk, and this stalk, when the nuts have been taken off, is dried and used by the natives, combined with tobacco, to make snuff.

The leaves and branches or limbs are used to cover houses and to make fish-lines and brooms. This line made by the leaves is as strong as some of the foreign lines. The bamboo is used by the natives to make mats and torches. They use the torches when they go chopping at night for crabs and other things. —*Master Joseph F. Copeland, in "The New Africa."*

Don't Try to Cheat a Lawyer.

A young lawyer, just starting in his profession, hung out his sign in a Connecticut town where there was only one other lawyer, an aged judge

A close-fisted old fellow, thinking to get legal advice for nothing, called upon the young man, told him he was very glad he had come into the town, as the old judge was getting superannuated, and then contrived in a short neighborly talk to get some legal questions answered. Then thanking the young man, he put on his hat and was about to leave, when the young man asked him if he should charge the advice for which the fee was five dollars. The old fellow went into a violent passion, and swore he never would pay The young laywer told him he would sue him if he didn't.

So the old fellow went down to see the judge, found him dozing in his garden, and said:

"That young scamp that's just come into town! I dropped in to make a neighborly call on him and he charges me five dollars for legal advice."

"Served you right," said the judge; "You had no business to have gone to him."

"But have I got to pay it, judge?"

"Of course you have."

"Well, then," said the man, "I suppose I must," and he started off.

"Hold on!" said the judge: "aren't you going to pay me?"

"Pay you? What for?"

"For my advice."

"What do you charge?"

"Ten dollars."

The result was that the fellow had to pay five dollars to the young lawyer and ten dollars to the old one.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1903.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year - $1.00
If not paid within six months, - 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race"

THERE seems to be a concerted effort, in different States, looking to the abolition of the Eclectic, or Combined System, in the education of the deaf. The legislatures and official boards are being importuned to make the pure oral method compulsory. On the other side of the Atlantic, where pure-oralism has so long been dominant, and largely ineffective, the opposite is the case, and the endeavor is being made to have the Combined System inaugurated. Our trans-Atlantic friends are going forward. The "one-method-for-all" scheme, is not only a selfish movement, but cruel and iniquitous. If legislators and others would learn the true meaning and intellect-dwarfing effect of pure-oralism, let them inquire of the best-educated, and progressive, and successful deaf in their several localities. There would be but one verdict: No Procrustean bed for God's afflicted "children of silence."

THE Right Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Massachusetts, has placed the church work among Deaf-Mutes, in the branch of the Diocesan-Board of Missions, with three Archdeacons of the Diocese to oversee the work with the Rev. S. Stanley Searing, as Diocesan Missionary. As the new arrangement dates from January 1st, 1903, Mr Searing would be glad to arrange for visitation and services as soon as possible in every city or town in the Diocese, where deaf-mutes reside.

The work will be continued (and it is hoped extended) in the Diocese of Maine, New Hampshire, Western Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and Mr. Searing would be very glad to hear from deaf-mutes all over New England (except Vermont and Connecticut, which are provided for), who may desire monthly services and visitations.

Mr. Searing, as Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the New England Home for Deaf-Mutes (aged, blind or infirm,) would be glad to hear of any deaf-mute, anywhere in New England, who may be eligible for admission to the Home. He would like especially to have the names of any who are inmates of almshouses or pauper institutions, or who may be living in destitute circumstances.

DOUGLAS TILDEN, the deaf mute sculptor, has been successful again. This time, his design for a monument to the California Volunteers that served in the Philippines, was accepted, at a meeting of the Citizens' Executive Committee, on Saturday, January 30th. This committee was originally appointed for the reception of the returing volunteers, but now having in charge the erection of a fitting memorial. The price agreed upon is $24,000, all of which has been secured and is on deposit in savings banks, in the name of James D. Phelan, trustee.

The monument to be erected is to be composed of bronze upon a pedestal of granite, the whole to be of a total height of twenty-six feet; the bronze group will be sixteen feet in height, and all the figures in the group of heroic size. The group consists first of an American officer standing with sword in one hand and revolver in the other near a prostrate American soldier, who has evidently just been wounded. Back of the standing officer and over the prostrate form of the fallen soldier is the figure Bellona, the goddess of war, seated upon the winged horse Pegasus. The head of the goddess is surmounted by a Greek casque. She is leaning forward holding in her left hand a folded banner, and with her right arm extended holds a poised sword. The prostrate soldier lies upon a cannon and is evidently expiring. The group is animated and very suggestive of combat.

Hoosick Falls, N.Y.

Mr. William D Hickok, of North Adams, Mass., who had the misfortune to accidentally drop a heavy roller which struck him in the abdomen, while at work in the Berkshire Woolen Mills, and at the advice of his physician was compelled to stop work. Has been making his home here with Mr. and Mrs. C. Z Milliman, for over a month, and left last week for home entirely recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. John R Becker, of North Easton, N. Y., drove to town two weeks ago and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Milliman, and called on the writer and family before going home.

Manager Fill informes the writer that he has engaged the famous "Silent Five," for a game of basketball with the 32d Separate Co., for Friday, evening February 20th, at the State Armory, Church Street. The 32d Separate Co. are now undoubtedly the strongest, if not fastest basketball team ever gotten together here in Northern New York State, having won 18 games out of twenty played so far this season Two weeks ago they trimmed the Williamstown College Crack Varsity team to the tune of 30 to 2.

The Silent Five will have to wipe out their defeat received at the hands of the above company a year ago, when the score was 10 to 2 in favor of the Company. It should be borne in mind that they are a worthy oppoinent for any team, and stand second to none A big crowd will be on hand, and it is hoped C. A. B., of Troy, and others, may come up.

The Silent Five always leaves Troy at 6 P.M., and arrive here a 8 P.M., just in time for the game, and leave on the sleeper after the game, at 12 midnight.

Mrs. N. O. Wilcox, mother of Mrs. E. C. Lortie, who has been, employed in Green Island, N. Y., as a nurse to a friend of hers, has returned home.

The writer was offered a good position in Green Island a week ago, with the Malleable Iron works, but declined to give up his position here.

Mrs. E. C. Lortie, who was a patient in the Albany Hospital for treatment of Cataracts on her eyes, was unable to get any relief and returned home, and is now under the care of Dr. C. Shaw, who has accomplished what other doctors could not do. She is now regaining her lost sight slowly, by the use of medicine instead of the knife.

Edward Curtis made a flying visit to Troy one day recently.

The new Noble & Wood Machine Shops are about completed. Mr. C. Milliman, who has been employed there for a number of years, can boast of having the finest machine shop in town.

It is reported that William S. Edwards, a former resident of this place, is now employed in Troy, N. Y. His friends here are glad to hear of it. E C L.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Friday, February 6th, was the fifth anniversary of the Deaf-Mutes' Benevolent Society, and it would be the right time to celebrate it, but the celebration was postponed until Friday, Feb. 20th, for the sake of visitors, who could come and stop here to enjoy themselves from February 20th to February 23d inclusive.

A large crowd is expected to attend a grand social and entertainment given by the society, at the Governor's Horse Guards Armory, 460 Main Street, in honor of the fifth anniversary of the society.

The hall will be open all night, and twenty-five cents for admission will be charged.

Those who wish to join the society, can have their names proposed by members who are acquainted with them, at any regular business meeting. The initiation fee of the candidate of either sex is $1.00, and the monthly due is 25 cents. After six months' membership of the society, they will be entitled to receive a sick benefit of $4 00 per week, if they are sick for a week; and also after a year's membership of the society, if the member dies, a death benefit of $50 00 will be paid for by the society towards the defraying of funeral expenses. Truly it is better to join the society; and whenever a member becomes sick and is not able to work for his or her little earnings, he or she will surely receive benefits—better than nothing.

C.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

A Discourse on Volcanoes

FRATERNITY DINNER.

Odds and Ends.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

"Volcanic Eruptions" was the subject of a very interesting lecture delivered to the students last Friday evening, by Dr. Ely, our Professor of Natural Science. The professor began by saying, that it was rather hard to define a volcano, but felt that the simple definition in geographies was the best. He then pointed out the locations of all the volcanoes, on an improvised map of the world. It was noted that with only a few exceptions, all volcanoes are located near the sea, and that they exist near the west coasts of the Americas, on the islands of the south Pacific, near the eastern coast of Australia, New Guinea, Borneo, Java, the Philippine Islands, the Japanese Islands, and north Pacific, thus forming a complete circle or belt around the earth. The causes leading to violent eruptions, the character of the material thrown up, its immensity and destructive powers, were then gone over carefully. To illustrate the immensity of material thrown up, it was stated that a volcano in Java once threw up as much as thirty seven cubic miles of earth and rock.

Vesuvius, according to the opinions of scientists, who have made researches at Pompeii and who make volcanic phenomena a special study, was not so destructive to human life as is popularly believed. Before overwhelming that beautiful city, the volcano, it seems, had warned the inhabitants, who were not slow in getting outside the danger zone; and when the final catastrophe came, those caught were only a few slaves sent back to get valuables that were left behind, and several misers, who tried to save their hoards.

The Mount Pelee eruption was then discussed. No eruption ever proved so destructive to human life as that of May 8, 1902 Thirty thousand of the residents of St. Pierre, Martinique, lost their lives, and only two men left alive, after the volcano had done its awful work. All this work was done in two minutes. The newspapers had devoted pages to this disaster, and the professor felt it unnecessary to go over the story again in detail. In conclusion, he stated that man is learning more and more about volcanoes, and in a short time he will know exactly when to get away from their vicinity.

Immediately after the conclusion of Dr. Ely's lecture, the members of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity went to Fritz Reuter's Hotel on Penn Avenue, where the Faternity's Third Annual Banquet was eaten. It was the most successful banquet ever given by any of the college organizations, and all credit goes to the committee having the affair in charge. It was nine o'clock when the members took their seats at the banquet board, and midnight when the last toast was drunk. At the conclusion, Flick, '03, took a flashlight photograph of the affair. Here is menu and list of toasts.

MENU.

Blue Points — Little Neck Clams
Clam Chowder
Pearl Onions — Olives — Pickles
FISH
Fried Filet of Flounder — Sauce Tartar
Potatoes Hollandaise
MEATS
Fricasse Young Turkey with Oysters
Tenderloin of Beef, Mushroom Sauce
SALAD
Lettuce Mayonaise
VEGETABLES
Boiled or Mashed Potatoes
Corn — New Strings Beans
DESSERT
Cobinet Pudding — Wine Sauce — Ice Cream
Cheese
Cafe Noir — Cider

TOASTS.

Address of Welcome.....G. O. Erickson
Response to Address of Welcome.....
.....Thure A. Lindstrom
The Fraternity.....Fred. J. Neesam
The Faculty.....Percival Hall
Our Alma Mater.....Victor R. Spence
The College Club.....Clyde O. Stevens
Our Absent Brothers.....Geo. F. Flick

HOTEL FRITZ REUTER, February 6, 1903.

When the last of these toasts had been drunk, Brother Drake, '04, with due (?) regard the feelings of the brethren, proposed the health of the Co-eds. Brother Miller, '03, then proposed the health of the Banquet Committee. This they drank also standing.

Roberts, '04, as manager of the base ball team, has been busy all winter arranging the base ball schedule for the spring. Not including the games with the local high schools, the schedule so far arranged, calls for eight games, and it is likely that a game with Yale will be played here on April 8th, or 15th. Roberts also hopes to arrange two more games with Columbian University.

SCHEDULE.

April 8th or 15th—Yale at Kendall Green.
April 13th—Johns Hopkins University, at Kendall Green.
April 18th—Episcopal High School, at Alexandria, Va.
April 25th—Maryland Athletic Club, at Baltimore.
April 28th—Villa Nova College, at Kendall Green.
May 9th—Fredericksburg College, at Kendall Green
May 16th—St. John's College, at Annapolis, Md.
May 26th—Georgetown University, at Georgetown.
May 30th—Columbian University, at Kendall Green.

The track management is also making preparations for a successful spring season. Georgetown University will have an indoor meet on March 7th, and all the big universities are going to be represented at the meet. Gallaudet will probably be represented in the mile run by Roberts, '04, and in the quarter mile dash by Mather, '04.

Dr. Gallaudet was sixty-six years of age on February 5th. On that occasion, his friends in the senior class and the co-eds, remembered him with magnificent bouquets of white and red carnations.

John Escherich, I C., left for his home in Pittsburg, Friday morning. He is suffering with some kind of a mental malady, brought about by an injury on the temple, while playing foot ball last fall. It is not known definitely whether he will return to college or not.

Dr. Gallaudet was called, Friday, to Pittsfield, Mass., to attend the funeral of ex-Senator Henry L Dawes, who died Thursday afternoon. At the funeral, the doctor was one of the pall bearers. At the time of his death, Mr. Dawes was a member of the Board of Directors of this Institution, a position which he held for many years.

"Dr." Brown, '05, in his pursuits of the Materia Medica, has been giving the attendants at the Congressional Library no small degree of unrest. Now and then he calls for all the medical books in the catalogues, and to fetch them for this studious disciple of Hippocrates, requires frequent journeys to the Medical department of the library. This means great physical exertions on the part of the attendants, who in order to get more rest in the future, have given "Dr." permission to pursue his beloved volumes in the medical department.

Flick, '03, will give a stereopticon lecture to the deaf in Baltimore, next Thursday evening.

"Fair God," was the subject of a reading given by Neesam, '04, to the pupils of the Kendall School, Friday eve, the 6th.

Miss Grace Okie has gone to Atlantic City, N. J., for a stay of several weeks.

PETER T. HUGHES.

Feb. 9, '03.

Obituary.

MRS. EMMA A. WEEKS.

It is with a feeling of sadness that we have to chronicle the sudden demise of Mrs. Emma A. Weeks, the mother of Miss Lizzie Weeks, which occurred on the evening of Thursday, February 5th, and was caused by apoplexy, superinduced by over exertion. It seems that she was preparing the evening meal on that day and had occasion to go to the cellar, three flights down, and hastened upstairs to attend the eatables then cooking on the stove. As she reached the entrance door she sank to the floor. A physician was immediately summoned, but she was beyond medical skill, and in an hour had passed to the world beyond:—

"We watched her breathing thro' the hour,
Her breathing soft and low,
And in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

* * * *

We thought her dying when she slept
And sleeping when she died."

Mrs Weeks was well-known to many of the deaf of New York and New Jersey. She was last seen among them at the basket ball game on Saturday, January 31st, at Dr. Savage's Gymnasium, and seemed in excellent health and spirits then.

The remains were laid out in a beautiful cloth-covered casket and was banked in a profusion of flowers, tokens of sympathy from relatives and friends.

The funeral services were held at the residence, 302 West 150th Street, on Saturday evening, February 7th, and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, who spoke orally and in the sign language for the benefit of the deaf present. The funeral took place on Sunday morning, the interment being in Cypress Hills Cemetery, Brooklyn.

"Round, round the Cypress bier
Where she lies sleeping,
On every turf a tear,
Let us go weeping."

The sympathy of a large circle of friends is extended to Miss Lizzie Weeks and the other members of the family in their sad reavement.

R. E. M.

Henry A. Wise, of Simsbury, Ct., has collected $54 or more for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, of Boston, Mass. He will be present at the entertainment of the deaf in Hartford, on the 20th of this month.

PHILADELPHIA.

Edward B. Syle's Rapid Rise.

BASKET BALL NOTES.

News Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The many friends of Mrs. M. J. Syle both here and elsewhere will be pleased to hear that her eldest son, Mr Edward B. Syle, has launched into busines son his own hook in Camden, New Jersey. The Camden *Courier*, on Monday, February 2d, noted his advent into business as follows:—

"The big gents' furnishing store of Nelson & Co, at Third and Federal Streets, yesterday passed under new proprietorship, when Edward B. Syle became head of it. Mr Syle has been manager for Nelson & Co. for more than a year, and previous to that was one of the right hand men there for several years. He has worked himself up this steadily from clerk to manager and from manager to proprietor, the advancement being merited through his push and ability. His experience in the line of men's wear is thorough from practical association with the trade and in assuming the head of the big business patrons can look for a still greater degree of activity and progressiveness. Mr. Syle carries an extensive line of the best grades of men's wear at popular prices, and it is his intention to let the public know what is going on there by liberal use of the columns of the daily press. The new management comes before the people of Camden as no stranger and the coming year will doubtless insure for him the support and generous patronage on the part of the public."

In the conduct of his store Mr. Syle will have the assistance of his brother, Mr. Herbert D. Syle, and their young brother, Walter, may also assist after his graduation from school. The trio of brothers will undoubtedly make a favorable impression upon the Camden public and we believe that they have a great opportunity before them. We wish them hearty Success in their new enterprise.

Mr. J. S. Reider gave a reading of "The Winter's Tale," before the Clerc Literary Association on Thursday evening, 5th of February. A large and appreciative audience was present.

Mr. Picard, late of Gallaudet College and now a student of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was the guest of Mr and Mrs. Sanders for some time last week.

Mr. Edgar Bloom, of New York, stopped here a few days last week.

Mrs. Malinda McKinney, wife of Mr. John McKinney, the oldest brother of Mr. William and Miss Susan McKinney (both deaf-mutes) died on Sunday afternoon, February 8th. Mr. McKinney has just retired from active business life, so that his loss now seems the greater. The deceased is a nephew of Mr. P. A. B. Widener, one of Philadelphia's wealthiest wealthiest citizens. Mr. John McKinney, who is known and highly esteemed by many deaf here, has their sincere sympathy in his sad bereavement and regret is also felt for the deaf and other members of the family.

The following Basket Ball notes were sent for insertion in this column.

The unexpected happened at Odd Fellow's Hall, at Frankford and Kensington Avenues, Philadelphia, last Saturday nig t, February 7th, when the first team of the Waverly A C, suffered its first defeat on the home floor, before nearly four hundred spectators. The Philadelphia Deaf A. A. was the winner, after a hard fought and exciting contest, by the score of 24 to 21, Chestnut scoring two field goals in sensational succession.

Waverly's second team defeated the Philadelphia Deaf's second by the score of 24 to 14.

Last Friday night, February 6th, a game was played between the Philadelphia Deaf A. A. and the Olney A. A., which was witnessed by a large crowd. The contest was closely fought from start to finish. The Olneys finally won by the score of 26 to 22.

The Johnstown Local Branch has just sent Treasurer Reider twenty-five dollars for the Home Fund—Good! Who next?

The subject of Mr. George S. Porter's reading before the Clerc Literary Association, on February 26th, will be "The Eternal City."

Copies of the Charter and By-Laws of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, together with the Rules of the Home, may be had at ten cents a copy by applying to Secretary Teegarden, 469 Ella Street, Wilkinsburg, Pa. This sale is not intended for profit, but to pay expenses in part.

The annual elections of the Clerc Literary Association, will take place in March. Who will be the next President, a white, dark, or a green horse?

PITTSBURG, PA.

Before the State Legislature made it a law that the Institutions of this State do away with the Combined System, as a method of instruction, and in lieu substitute pure oralism, Pennsylvania had been acknowledged as one of the best places where the deaf were EDUCATED. That the past tense is herein used does not necessarily indicate that no more deaf are being educated, but on the whole Pennsylvania, being once conspicuous as regarded educational matters, is gradually taking a back seat. Is this due to the incompetency of the teachers or due to lack of strenuousness on the part of the superintendents? Most decidedly NO What then undermined Pennsylvania's prominence in being one of the best States, taking great interest in the promotion of the Deaf educationally? Nothing other than the thoughtless, humdrum legislative body of the State. How many of the legislative body, before the passage of the pure-oralism bill, knew the deaf? How many knew what the advocator was squealing about? If they did not say anything either against it or in favor of it, why was one or two allowed to influence the majority into passing it, when this majority were not sufficiently convinced that the bill when passed would be of more instructive than the Combined System? If the law-making body is a representative of the people, are the deaf non-represented even if they do pay taxes? The legislature would be given more credit if the deaf of the State had been consulted before the passage of that education-killing bill—consulted when they (legislators) were not certain of the ultimate consequences following the passage of the bill.

It is consoling to observe that the Western part of Pennsylvania is not the only section where Pure Oralism is condemned. It is held in a like view in other parts of the Union. It is not only agitated against in our country but also in England, where a petition has already been prepared to get King Edward to champion the Combined System, because the very best results are obtained under it.

Sooner or later the Legislature of Pennsylvania will have to face a similar petition, which if heeded and results in the abolition of the pure oralism method, will be in disguise a strong criticism of their own rash act.

Before the Squire of Aspinwall, Hon. J. M. Roishouse, bought a home there, there was but one named street, which happened to be the one on which the Squire lived on. What led to the naming of other streets was the following: Quite frequently deaf mutes, with a row of lead-pencils in either vest-pocket and coat-pockets suffocated with pads, inquired lead-pencially where the above esteemed gentleman lived. In most cases, the wanting of the names of the streets, the answer was "Dunno." The frequency of this nuisance of meeting deaf-mutes in Aspinwall inquiring for a certain street was the direct cause of getting the Borough Council to decide upon names for all the streets Aspinwall boasts off Well, now, Mr. Rolshouse deserves the credit.

Whenever a pedestrian thinks he sees a mute going up to him, he quickly crosses to the other side of the street to avoid being asked where this or that street is located This is all over now, however.

Somebody circulated the story that shoe-patcher Henry Bardes, is by this time contemplating of getting up a "Sauer-kraut and sausage Party." It is said it is being arranged on a entirely novel plan for the purpose of shovelling in coins for the Home at Doylestown, Pa. Whether there is any truth in this or not will be known latter.

PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE DEAF.

PITTSBURG LOCAL BRANCH.

As is well known, there is a debt of $2500 on the pro erty of the Home at Doylestown. It is desired to lift the mortgage as soon as possible and so save the interest of $125.00 a year For this purpose a fund, known as the Mortgage Fund, is being raised.

The Executive Committee of the Pittsburg Local Branch has appointed me Local Collector for this fund and has duly authorized me to solicit subscriptions.

All are invited to aid the Home by subscribing to this fund in any amount they may feel like giving.

May we not count on your assistance in this charity?

REINHART FRITZGES,
Collector.

B. R. ALLABOUGH,
Pres't P. S. A. D.

G. M. TEEGARGEN,
Secretary.

Address Collector to Western Pennsylvania Institution,
Edgewood Park,
Pa.
In care of Mr. Allabough.

The Ways and Means Committee of the local branch of the P. S. A. D. has decided upon having a mock trial on March 28th. The case will be theft of a pig. In all probability Mr. MacFarland will be Judge. Mr. F. R. Gray will sharpen his wits to save his client from the stern law of justice, while Prof. G. M. Teegarden will try to get the culprit convicted for the unpardonable stealing of a wee, little pig from its maw. Mr. Gray will be assisted by the great Colonel Sawhill, of the Taylorstown Regiment, while Prof. B R. Allabough will have to lose a few more hairs in his endeavor to help Prof. Teegarden convince the jury of the guilt of the prisoner. The jury will consist of all sorts of people, colored, Chinese, etc., one representing lanky Uncle Sam as foreman of the jury. Those who will be witnesses and who will be the innocent guilty-looking culprit, have, up to this writing, not been decided yet.

D. E. MORAN.

TORONTO, CANADA.

The regular Saturday evening meeting of the Bridgen Club that came off on the 7th ulto., was of the customary character, but the attendance was rather slim. It opened with prayer by A W Mason, followed by the reading of the minutes by the retiring secretary, after which the announcement was made that fellow member W. Montmarquette, who had tendered his resignation as announced in the last budget, had changed his mind and consented to remain within its bonds as of yore. Then followed the election of officers for the ensuing quarter, which turned out as follows:—Hon. President F Bridgen, by acclamation. President, G W. Reeve; Vice President, W. R. Watt; Secretary, H W. Roberts; Treasurer, H. Mason; Sergeant-at-arms, S. Pugsley; Committee—Slater, Montmarquette, Fraser, A. W. Mason and Lightfoot. On motion by P. Fraser it was decided to the thus elected officers keep their respective places for one year instead of every quarter, but a hitch occurred in the passing of this motion that it was left over for future consideration. The rest of the time was occupied in giving currental reports by various members, and a good deal of recent happenings were gleaned therefrom. Next Saturday we hope to have some further matter explained in regard to the sick benefit society.

It was learned through private channels that Mr. Hedley Grant, of Hamilton, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville, for a few weeks recently.

Mr. Chas Elliott was away to Berlin on the 8th, whither he went to assist our deaf friends of the "Twin City" with their Sunday services.

Mrs. Harry Mason is given the honor of being the only lady who has patronized the Saturday evening meetings of the Bridgen Club, since the writer joined as a member a couple of months ago, and if the others would only follow her example they would find it to their own advantage.

The skating party has been postponed once more, and we cannot tell when it will exactly come off.

Mr. Francis Doyle, of Berlin, who came to the city recently in hopes of getting work here, did not meet with very good luck, we are sorry to say, and was obliged to go back again. THE WARBLER.

TROY, N. Y.

J. Gordan Saxton was called hitherward by the death of his father, S Burton Saxton, recently. A number of deaf-mutes well acquainted with the deceased attended the funeral.

Sam Johnson, who came home for the holidays from the Westchester School for the deaf, met with a painful accident while coasting on hissled down hill. A doctor who was sent for, who sewed twelve stitches on the front part of his thigh Sam left home Monday for Westchester.

Miss L Sparrow, a comely young blonde, of 19, has got one thousand dollars from the lodge on account of the death of her father, Charles H. Sparrow, who was a member of that lodge.

Miss Sparrow is now in the Kenwood Convent, studying as a convent girl

Willie Edward, of Whitehall, has got a job here and seems to be getting on well. Willie enjoys seeing sights in the city of the pretty collar "gals" who, as he now admits, attract his attention just as a magnet does a needle.

Fred Satow's folks have moved to Schenectady from New York.

Uncle Jim O'Neil is enjoying his quiet life in the collar town. He was out and about all day on Candlemas ("Bear day"), but saw no shadow on that day hence his prediction—"88" blizzard in February, followed a few weeks by an early spring.

Miss Patterson was recently in Albany on a four weeks' visit to her cousins.

There was a largely attended meeting of deaf-mutes Saturday. The next meeting will be held February 21st, when Messrs. Gale and Counerton will deliver a lecture on George Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Shanks enjoyed the company of Mr. and Mrs. Carlman and child, and Miss E. A. Palmer and a friend, one Sunday.

The New York Silent Five dropped in at Schenectady recently, but they found their opponents too strong to beat.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Held entertained a party of friends at their house a week ago. C.

NEW YORK.

"Cardinal Richelieu" in Signs.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

League of Elect Surds's Entertainment--News Notes.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Everything was propitious on the evening of February 6th, the occasion of Mr. Thomas F. Fox's dramatization of Lord Lytton's "Cardinal Richelieu," before the society members of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. The air was bracing, and the moon, with a halo, glimmered high in the heavens, just the kind of weather to draw people out of doors, and Mr Fox was at his best. Could the gifted Earl of Lytton have been present, he would have been impressed and delighted at the novel and effective manner in which his drama was being interpreted through the medium of the sign-language. The large audience was tuned up to expectation of a rich treat, and it was noticed that when Mr. Fox began his reading, every one settled firmly in their seats, and one man was seen to caution his talking little spouse not to disturb him during the recital, which she disregarded with many ejaculations of "terrible," "horrible," "the villain," etc.

Truly the sign-language is a God-send. To many of the deaf who cannot follow the writings of men like Shakespeare, Bulwer and others, the signs convey much to their understanding and are a source of pleasure and profit; and it is also certain that the other class who have a fair comprehension of the books will appreciate them all the better after having seen the scenes pictured in signs. From the birth of the great conspiracy, through passions of jealousy, hatred and love; the Cardinal's inflexible sway, and the other stirring incidents in this tragedy, Mr. Fox surpassed the expectations of the assemblage, and at the close he was warmly thanked for his fine rendition. Mr. John A. McIlvaine, instructor in the Mt. Airy School, Philadelphia, will address the society at the next lecture night, March 6th.

With the aid of Mrs. Joseph Sonneborn, who was one of the chief conspirators in the plot, her own home was actually invaded by twenty friends, on the evening of February 2d, and Joe was consequently the most astonished man in the world. The invasion was planned in honor of his birthday, which occurred on the day after. The time passed off very pleasantly until a sumptuous supper was announced, and after coffee was served, Mr. T. A. Froehlich acted as toastmaster, and dropped a few remarks, highly complimentary to Mr. Sonneborn's character. Mr Frankenheim then presented him a silver shaving cup and a silver-handled brush, on behalf of the gentlemen. Mr. Sonneborn responded and thanked his friends warmly for the gift. Speech upon speech was delivered, greatly to the amusement of the guests, who then declared that it was one of the most enjoyable affairs they ever attended. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs E. Souweine, Mr and Mrs. F A. Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Meisel, Mr and Mrs A. C. Dickerson, Mrs. W. A. Wright, Mrs Schumann, Mrs Haller, Jacques Loew, Theo. A. Froehlich, M W. Loew, A C. Bachrach, H. C. Kohlman, S Frankenheim, A. V. Ballin, Charles C. McManus, Miss M M. Fitzpatrick, Miss Ray Moses, Miss B. B. Bensinger and Ida Hericht. Mr. E A. Hodgson sent word that he could not be present, owing to an engagement.

Preparations have been made for the reception of a mighty throng at the League of Elect Surds' Entertainment and Reception, at Majestic Hall, 125th Street near Lexington Avenue, on Thursday evening next, February 19th. The stage entertainment promises to be the best given in years, and is sure to amuse and interest all who are present. The fife and drum corps of Fanwood will surely astonish and please the audience, while the acrobatic feature will be an exhibition of grace, strength and skill. Remember the stage entertainment will surely commence not later than 8:30. Be on hand early and get the best seats. Box seats will cost 25 cents extra. A fine program of dancing has been arranged, good music will accompany each number, and the best of floor direction will be given.

The Whist Club held its fourth monthly meeting in the rooms of the Union League, on the 4th inst. Miss Chamberlain, a daughter of the rector of St. Ann's Church, won first prize, which was a pretty silver stamp receptacle. Miss Rosamund Humphrey, a hearing young lady, was the winner of the second prize, in the shape of a wrist-pocketbook. Mr. Samuel Frankenheim succeeded in capturing a fine embossed, silver-capped mug, for first prize, and the second prize, which was a blotting rocker, went to E F. Wolgamot. The club meets again on March 4th.

Harry Gloistein, assisted by his mother, gave a progressive hearts party, both to deaf and hearing friends last Saturday, in their cosy flat on Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn Borough. William H. Farnham won the first prize for the least number of hearts, and it was a pair of military brushes. Arthur C. Bachrach got the booby prize for accepting the biggest lot of hearts. It was a lead pencil, nearly a yard long. Other prizes went to hearing persons, and among those present were, Samuel Frankenheim, Walter I. Calahan and Louis A. Ahmes.

A few evenings ago, the well-known sculptor, Mr. Montillie, called to show Dr. Chamberlain a fine copy in plaster of his bas relief portrait of the late Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. Several others were calling at the same time, and expressed great pleasure in seeing so fine a likeness of the great founder of Church work among deaf-mutes. On leaving, Mr. Montillie presented the portrait to Dr. Chamberlain, by whom it was received with warmest thanks.

A Patriotic Reception and Supper will be given at the Madison Avenue Presbyterain Church, Monday evening, February 23d. There will be a dialogue and other features suitable for the occasion, in the parlors. The supper will be served in the club room from 6. 30 to 7.45 P M., and tickets for the same will be twenty-five cents. It is suggested that as the 23d will be a holiday, many will enjoy taking Supper at the church instead of at their usual dining places.

President Frankenheim addressed the Union League on January 22d, on "The Evils of Swearing." There was a considerable number of ladies present. President Frankenheim is encouraging the presence of ladies at every meeting except business meetings, so as not only to ensure the regular attendance of married members, but also for the better enjoyment and edification of the former.

Mr. Max Levy has obtained a good position as a photographic printer, with Underwood and Underwood, the largest manufactures of stereopticon views in the world, at Arlington, N. J. They make 50,000 photographs daily Mr. Levy will move his family on March 1st.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson will deliver his well-known eulogy on the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, before the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, at 143 West 125th Street, on Thursday, February 26th. Outsiders wishing to see him discourse will be charged a small admission price.

Mr. William Lipgens, the deaf-mute expert worker in precious metals, who is in the employ of Tiffany & Co., has gone to Washington to see President Roosevelt, and to present the President with a specimen of his skill, a description of which will appear in a future issue of the JOURNAL

Seymour A. Berray, of Walton, N Y., was admitted to the Hahneman Hospital last week, and operated upon for a tumor (or appendicitis?) The operation was quite successful, and Mr. Berray will soon be on his feet again.

The Union League has ordered five hundred well-bound copies of its new constitution and by-laws. They came from the Lounsbury Press.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke D. Sullivan and daughter Gracie, attended the Letter Carrier's Ball, on the 4th of February, at Madison Square Garden.

The many friends of Miss Lizzie Weeks will sympathize with her in her bereavement. Her mother died last week.

Mrs. Neiser has been confined to her home with a bad cold for over a week, but is now getting better.

NOTICE.

A "Rubber party" will be given by the St. Francis De Sales Sick Benefit Association for the Deaf on Wednesday evening, April 15th. Admission 10 cents, including refreshments. Bring worn-out rubbers with you. Come one! Come all! Prizes will be given.

MISSES CARROLL, CORNUE,
MESSRS. HELMER, STAFFLINGER,
Committee.

The largest holly trees in the world grow in the northern part of the United States and in Canada, where the tree attains a height of 70 feet and a girth of 6 to 8 feet.

The Prince of Wales spends over $2500 every Christmas on presents of tobacco for sailors.

CHICAGO.

Give One-Tenth to the Lord.

AID SOCIETY'S DOINGS.

A Complimentary Luncheon.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

"The Parable of the Talents," in St. Matthew 25 : 14–30. The above was Rev. P. J. Hasenstab's text for his sermon at the M E. Church, on the first Sunday in February. Rev. Mr. Hasenstab said among other things: "Now would you not be an honor to God and a blessing to man? Would you not rather give all you can in order to secure others' salvation and happiness in this life and in eternity, than keep it to yourselves and obtain spiritual death? Why not trust God to keep you and your all, while you give of your earnings? Would you not learn the joy of serving the Lord in this manner of giving liberally to His causes? How much should you give out of your earnings? One-tenth, according to the Bible. Now think! How much do you have in your pockets? How much did you leave at home? How much have you in your bank? Perhaps you would say that you owe your grocer, butcher, or doctor, and should wait until you are out of debt. Oh no, that would make no excuse, and you must let your creditors wait, because you owe God first. Then, begin to-day to lay aside one-tenth of what you have on hand now, and then of what you earn or receive from time to time. The tithe will be distributed among churches, missions hospitals and the poor."

After the sermon, the Chicago Methodist Episcopal Mission for the Deaf distributed among the Deaf of Chicago and vicinity, a little tract entitled, "The Lord's Tithe", with this month's *Silent Herald*, published by the Mission. It argues, pleads and proves that the members and friends are required to give one-tenth out of their weekly earnings toward the Lord's cause on earth. If he earns five dollars a week, he should give fifty cents; if ten dollars, then one dollar, and so on. A business man should give a tenth of the net profit of his business, and even of the dividends he receives from business investments. To omit to lay aside the tenth of one's earning is the same as to omit to pray. Failure or refusal to lay aside, and use the tithe for the Lord, is called stealing or robbery. The preface on the first page, written by the pastor, explains as follows:

"The subject of laying aside the tithe of one's earnings for God's work has been preached and written by those who have also practised it. This little tract is not to add anything new, but to explain the old in as plain a way as possible. Its object is to secure thoughtful consideration, awakened interest, adoption and practice of the plan on other's part. If it can help any one to understand the subject to the extent of practicing it as habitually as to study the Bible and pray and work, it will have accomplished its object in that person." This little tract says: "Things, great and small, are generally carried on and managed because there is money on hand or promised to back them up. So without money they can not exist or work. Yes, indeed the Bible says we should give one-tenth of our earnings to the church, missions and others on earth which is due to God."

The Ladies' Aid Society held its regular business meeting at the lecture hall, as usual, on the first Wednesday of February. Mrs Colby held the reins and called the meeting to order at 2:30 o'clock, P.M. The intense cold did not prevent the members from coming up to the meeting. In the absence of Mrs Geo. Root, who was detained at home with a cold, Mrs Bowes was appointed secretary pro tem Mrs. James Gibney read the Scripture and then offered a prayer. (Mrs. Gibney was educated at the Illinois School, and has only one boy, fifteen years old. Her husband works at the Art Institute as a janitor. She has a deaf brother—Frank Spalding.) A beautiful hymn was well recited by Miss Streeter. The minutes of the last gathering were read by Mrs. Secretary pro-tem, and it was adopted. The reports of the President, Secretary, Treasurer, Pastor and of the Visiting of Sick were given. A letter from Mrs. Ellen Heinlein was read. She desires to thank the society for its kindness toward her bereaved family. The members were very glad to welcome Miss Mattesson into the membership of the society. Mrs. Bowes, the chairman of the entertainment committee, was then called to give her report on the coming events:—

"Heart Party," at the hall of the famous Pas-a-Pas Club, on Saturday evening, February 14th, and a "White Bazaar," at the lecture hall of the M. E. Church, on Saturday evening, March 21st. On both occasions light refreshments wilt be served. Everybody will enjoy the privileges. The ladies hope you will have the best time you ever have had before. These affairs are admirably arranged by Mrs. Chairman Bowes and her standing committee, with the aid of Mesdames Watson, Codman and Lefi.

Mr. Charles D Seaton, and Mrs. Garwood, of Indiana, were present and witnessed the proceeding. Mr Seaton was introduced to the platform. He accepted with courtesy and said he had heard much of this famous society and its wonderful work repeatedly, and has always had much respect and interest in its movements, because his wife was a member before her marriage. Then the meeting adjourned until the first Wednesday of March.

Here is some good news from Evansville, Ind., which "Chicago" hopes will prove worthy reading. It is something unheard of in a case of the daughter of deaf parents. Professor James E. Gallaher prepared a bill asking the Legislature to pass a law allowing his school $100 00 per year for each pupil instructed, and the matter is now before the Legislature. Knowing that it is mighty hard and up hill work to get State aid for any object, Professor Gallaher decided to have the lobbying done in a novel way, and sent up his daughter, Miss Litta Gallaher. This was all the more necessary as he was informed that the committee could allow only thirty minutes to hear arguments. His daughter could rattle off in a few minutes what it would take him half an hour to write out.

Miss Gallaher was sent out to Indianapolis on February 2d, armed with facts, figures and prepared arguments. The Evansville *Courier* contained a column article on "Miss Gallaher Turns Lobbyist To-day," and the following day it contained an editorial calling her a plucky lady for going up to the Legislature to ask aid for the school for the deaf, over which her father has charge. It closed by saying that "she is one of the most popular young ladies in the city, and is possessed of a voice of rare beauty which has often been heard in the church choirs of the city."

Miss Gallagher was met at the station in Indianapolis, on February 2d, by Senator Crumbaker, Representative Decker and Attorney Gore, all of Evansville, who are her friends. The next day she was introduced to the Governor by Mr. Decker, and had a little audience with him, and in the evening appeared before the House Committee to whom Professor Gallaher's bill had been referred. On February 4th, the committee sent its report recommending that his bill be passed. Miss Gallaher is yet in the teenths of age.

Mr. Harry L. Stafford, '93, Gallaudet College, came up from Marquette, Michigan, to see about manufacturing mailing tubes of his own device, upon which he has obtained a patent. He called to see Mr. Regensburg, and took luncheon with him, where both went over their old college days.

On Thursday, February 5th, Mrs. Morton Sonneborn gave a very pleasant, as well as select, luncheon, in honor of her sister in-law and guest, Mrs. Jacques Loew, of New York City, at her elegant home on Berkely Avenue, in the fashionable district. She was assisted by Mrs. Henrietta Lefi, sister of Mrs. Loew. Suffice to say it was of the best and contained some of Chicago's prominent society ladies. The ladies were entertained most royally. Luncheon was served at one o'clock in a pretty dining-room, designed in Japanese style. Covers were laid for twelve, the ladies being:—Mesdames Loew, Lefi, Dougherty, Smith, Codman, Watson, Colby, Bowes, Kingon, Martin, Heinlein, and the hostess, Mrs. Sonneborn. Ten courses were served. Mrs. Jacques Loew was the happiest. Three invited guests did not come. They were Mesdames Raffington, Seaton and Kleinhans.

After the luncheon the ladies adjourned to the parlor for conversation.

Mrs. Morton Sonneborn is a talented and versatile entertainer. She was educated at the Illinois School, and was a favorite pupil at that school.

Saturday evening, February 14th, is the date of the Aid Society's "St. Valentine Party," at the Club Hall Come one, Come all! There is a valentine awaiting you. Only a small entrance fee will be charged. Mrs. Chairman Bowers and Mrs. Watson, the president of the "Lit," will meet you at the entrance.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is figuring upon removing to more commodious quarters May 1st, on account of its rapid growth. The new quarters the club has its eye on is a few doors south of the present, and consists of two entire floors, each 30 ft. by 125 ft., formerly occupied by the Cook County Republican Club, It proposes to put in bowling alleys, pool tables, punching bags, etc., and make the club a home in fact as well as in name.

Our new friend, Mr. Elmer Hannan, is now on the road to success. Some day he will be a celebrated American deaf sculptor. His work is greatly admired for its high technical qualities and its archeological exactitude. He himself has been the recipient of some honors. His work has been seen at the pincipal exhibitions in this country. Last week he finished work on the bust of the late Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and will ship it to Washington, Mr Hannan is still studying at the Art Institute here.

Mr. James Thompson, of South Chicago, slipped and fell down the stairs of a building and bruised his back and legs, and dislocated his shoulder recently. He has been confined to his home for the past week. He hopes to go back to work this week. Mrs Thompson is now very busy, sewing for Easter.

The Bible class of the Chicago Methodist Episcopal Mission for the Deaf, which meets every sunday afternoon at 2, at the chapel of the M. E Church, on the corner of Washington and Clarke Streets, is progressing with great success and much interest is being manifested.

One day when the weather was very cold, little Violet Colby said: "Mamma, there must be a fire in my stomach. Every time I open my mouth smoke comes out."

Mr E. N. Bowes was not ill with pneumonia, as reported.

Mr. Kispac was promoted to the foremanship of some department in the Carter Electric factory. He was one of two employes who first applied for trial, before the board of directors.

Mr. Colby's father died in Seattle, January 28th. He had a stroke of paralysis.

Mrs. Henrietta Lefi and Mrs. Sonneborn reported having visited "Fanwood" and the JOURNAL office.

Many friends of Mr. William Hoy here are delighted to learn that he has signed, as it was reported in Los Angeles, a Los Angeles contract recently. Mrs. Kingon reported that Mrs. Hoy and little boy baby are doing nicely.

Mrs. Ben Frank has gone to Kankakee to visit her folks and will be gone until next week.

Mrs. Morton Sonneborn showed her friends here the lots of photos she photographed in the East recently.

Miss McCowan has already commenced a war on the Eclectic system. It seems that the Board of Education had decided in favor of this method, but Miss McCowan is not satisfied with the result, and has already served discharge papers upon Mrs. Coombs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs Emery, and two others are said to be on the list. This leaves practically no manual teacher in the whole thirteen schools.

Bassett Rolooger, the deaf-mute negro convicted of manslaughter, was not sentenced on February 7th, as Judge decided to take another week's delay. It is still hoped that some means can be found whereby his fate can be made perfectly clear to the condemned man. Rolooger has not been visited by any member of the deaf societies, even the pastor of the mission for the deaf since his confinement in the jail. Even when he was at the trial, he did not get any help from the deaf community, and it is most necessary to get somebody acquainted with the natural signs to make the convicted deaf-mute understand more clearly. It is true that he should not be sent to State prison. Better send him to some reform school to be educated.

Mr O. H. Regensburg entertained the members of the Tutti-Frutti club last Friday evening, at his home. Whist prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn.

The Literary Circle will give a dramatic entertainment February 28th, at the club rooms, providing the comediette entitled "Christmas Boxes." It will be a laughable play.

CHICAGO.

CHURCH NOTICES.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y, 3 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P M.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J, 3 P M Holy Communion.

Lecture by Prof. Isaac B. Gardner, in St. Ann's Guild-room, Tuesday evening, February 17th.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class, at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

February 23d—Patriotic Reception and Supper. Supper tickets, 25 cents, served in the club room, from 6:30 to 7:45 P.M. Sociable in the parlors at eight.

OHIO.

The Question of Bigness.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Sundry Jottings.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

In a recent letter to the JOURNAL, we did a little crowing because Ohio stood at the head of all the schools for the deaf in America, in point of attendance for the year ending November 10th, 1902. The notes seem to have grated harshly upon the ears of our friends who edits the *Star* down in the big State of Texas. He is even inclined to accuse us of juggling our figures to reach our point. Not at all. The thought did not enter our mind when we penned the article. We just took the figures as they appeared in the *Annals*, and we so stated. If the figures therein given are wrong, neither the editor of the *Annals* nor we are responsible for them but the blame rests with those who furnished them. But we are inclined to credit their correctness, for we can hardly believe that any of the Superintendents would do any "padding," in order to make a good showing for their respective schools.

Our friend has overlooked one important point in his view of the matter—*viz*, that the tabulation is for the ending November 10th, which gives the enrollment for the year up to that date, and from our point of view. Our second column of figures gives the number under instruction between November 10th 1901, and November 10th, 1902. If we are correct by this supposition then there is no advantage, nor disadvantage for any schools whether their scholastic, or fiscal year ends with June on December. The increase or decrease of attendance will be shown the year following. It's the past year, ending November 10th, which put Ohio to the fore in point of attendance and enrollment, and our brother of the *Texas Star* we hope will at least once, willingly take off his hat to her, and we shall not ungrudgingly lift ours when the Texas School reaches that distinction, and it has been climbing up mighty fast and high within the past few years under her efficient, and progressive Superintendent, Mr. McNulty.

The number of pupils enrolled here November 10th, was 522. That was five days before the end of the fiscal year. At this latter time, according to the annual report, the attendance was 526.

To make more certain that the figures given in the *Annals* showing the number under instruction within the year were correct, we made inquiry of Superintendent Jones and received an affirmative answer. So we have nothing to "fess up" and as to modesty, well, we have plenty of the article and would be only too glad to lend some to those in need of it.

Mr. McGregor, had a close call from bidding good-bye to this mundane sphere, Wednesday morning about 6 50 A M He was coming over from Grove City, and the car on which he was riding was full of passengers, standing room being at a premium. Directly behind his car came a freighter. At Gift Street there is a switch and curve to Troon Street, the passenger going on the former and the freighter going straight ahead, but before the passenger had cleared the freight dashed into the rear end of it. Mr. McGregor was standing on the platform, and seeing his danger jumped off. A moment later the place where he had been standing resembled a pile of kindling wood. His daughter Nettie occupied a seat on the inside of the car, and was landed suddenly out of her seat by the collision, but received no injuries.

The high wind here of Wednesday got in its work on the new school building. One of the sky lights over the south end of the building directly over the sewing room was blown in, and came down on the floor shivered into a thousand pieces. The accident happened while no one was in the room, the pupils being at dinner. The damage is about $300.

The teachers discussed Hamlet at their meeting Monday, and the subject proved a very interesting, and profitable one.

Owing to the prevalence of small pox in the city, it has been decided to postpone the Charity dall, that was to be given on the 20th inst. for the benefit of the Home, until some time in April.

Mrs Ella Zell entertained with a card party at her home on Oak Street, last evening. Those who enjoyed the game were Mrs. Ella Zell, Miss Ethel Zell, Miss Bessie McGregor, of Grove City, Miss Clea Lamson, Miss Ida Ohlemacher, of Norwalk, and Miss Kitty Munnrell, and Messrs. Ernst Zell, George Clum and William H. Zorn.

Mrs. Sophia Filler, *nee* Jackson, who in the seventies, was visitors' attendant, was a caller at the Institution Monday, being accompanied by Mrs. James Allen, also a former visitors' attendant and teacher. Mrs. Filler's home is in Cleveland, and she has been visiting relatives in town for some time.

Miss Ida Hubbard and Miss Mary Willing, both employes in the bindery, have taken advantage of a lull in the work by going up to Tiffin and visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Young.

Miss Alice Prouty, of Worthington, was in the city to-day visiting friends.

Mrs. Nellie Peregoy, of Toledo, is suffering from a dislocated wrist and ankle, the result of a fall by the light going out suddenly, as she was about to descend a flight of stairs.

Mr. Frank Reitman has so far recovered from his burns as to be able to leave the hospital. However, it will be some weeks yet before he can resume work.

The Cleveland Ladies' Aid Society did a handsome thing recently, by giving the Home $33 25 as a gift.

Mr Fred Schwartz feels a little bigger this morning than generally. Its all owing to a male heir arrival early this morning in his family.

Feb. 7, '03. A. B. G.

WEST VIRGINIA.

[News items for this department are desired to be sent to John C. Bremer, 3523 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.]

Mr. and Mrs. Holdridge Chidester celebrated, in Romney, their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary, on the 21st of January.

Mr. Cecil Marple, who is attending the Romney School, will have to go to the Columbus School, as his father moves to Ohio.

The new home of Misses Statie and Stella Brown is comfortably fitted up in Copen, Braxton Co.

Mr. Alexander J. McMullen, of Pennsboro, is working in a Fairmount printing office.

Mr. Asa Auldridge is in Haynes, Webster Co., being employed as a cook for saw-mill men.

Mr. Charles A. Bailey, of Alumbridge, now in Washington, Pa., leaves for Pittsburg, Pa., to-morrow to attend Rev. Mr. Mann's service.

Mr. Herbert Stoehr, of Echo Point, has been indisposed for a day or so this week.

Mrs Elizabeth Steenrod returned to her home in Mt. De Chantal from Pittsburg, Pa., last January 27th.

Mr. Chapman B Stewart, of Overfield, has subscribed for the JOURNAL this week. He did not come to the city last month, owing to the epidemic of small-pox nearby, but expects to visit us next summer.

Mr. John A. Boland, of Romney, wrote the following for the West Virginia *Tablet*, of January 24th: "There will be deafness as long as the world endures. Ponce de Leon sought until he died for the fountain that would restore to him his youth. Deaf people may seek that long in vain for something that will give back to them their hearing. The best thing to do under these circumstances is to make the best of the affliction."

Mr. Charles W. Huff, of Bellaire, O., was in town on business this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robb, of Bellaire, O, visited Miss Ada J. Anderson on Wheeling Island, this week. Frank has been ailing for for about six weeks, but will be able soon to go on duty at Riverside Mill in Benwood.

A bill for the separation of the deaf and blind schools, is eagerly looked for, to be introduced at our Legislature.

As a bricklayer, Mr. Chapline Watson, has been employed in the construction of a new brick house on Wheeling Island this week.

Feb. 7, '03. J. C. B.

DEAF-MUTES MISTAKEN FOR TWO BURGLARS.

DERBY, CONN., Feb. 9.—"Help! Thieves! Robbers!" yelled James Sweeney, the local Representative in the General Assembly, as he craned his neck out of the window at 1 A M, and saw two strange men stand like statues on his doorstep, never answering his query as to what they wanted. The cries aaoused the fashionable neighborhood where Sweeney lives. Even his son, Robert, a deaf-mute, was attracted by the unusual disturbance.

The Representative made signs to his son to get some firearm. Soon a volley of shot was belching from a revolver at an upper window. The burglars were unmoved.

"There's murder, sure, at Sweeney's," shouted a neighbor by telephone to the police. A sergeant and six policeman ran pell mell to the assistance of the Representative, who is a power in politics.

Still the men on the doostep stood motionless. When confronted by seven pistols they excitedly held up their hands, gesticulating wildly and mysteriously. Representative Sweeney, followed closely by his son, ventured out, immediately the son recognized supposed burglars as two deaf-mute friends from New York who had reached town on a midnight train. There was a Babel of apology by Representative Sweeney to the police and a gesticulation of "beg pardons" by his son.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St.

FANWOOD.

A Lecture on Arbitration.

NEW SCHOOL SCHEDULE.

Bicycle Club Organized.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The members of the Fanwood Literary Association were treated to a very interesting and instructive lecture, at its meeting last Saturday evening. President Fox delivered the lecture, and his subject was "Arbitration." To begin with he clearly defined the word so that every one understood what it meant. Then he gave an account of the past historical events in which arbitration figured conspicuously. The recent coal strike and its end by the formation of a Board of Arbitration, the outcome of which is not yet known, were described by the lecturer in his own fine style which always make his lectures so interesting.

He next branched out to the present Venezuelan affair, beginning with causes which led to the trouble, up to the present arbitration council of the three foreign Ambassadors and Minister Bowen, of the United States.

The Hague tribunal was then given a thorough description, and many of those present probably learned for the first time, the facts concerning its use, formation and how it came to be so.

He also spoke about many other important historical events in which arbitration was a part, as the Civil War and the part England did, which finally cost her seventeen million dollars. A hearty vote of thanks tendered Prof. Fox at the conclusion of his interesting lecture which was greatly enjoyed by all.

Monday afternoon, at one o'clock, all the teachers and pupils assembled in the chapel, and a new classification was made. The schedule that has been used for the term which began last January was found to be lacking in balance, so a new one was prepared, which all hope will prove better than the old one. Few changes were made in regard to classes, most of the work being in changing from morning to afternoon sessions. The eighth grade was eliminated and the pupils of that grade called the seventh, but their studies will be the same as before, and several other classes were also moved one grade, but it is to be understood that their studies will be the same and, in some cases, even higher. The gradual elevation of the course of instruction makes this step necessary.

Glory be to Paul Dittmar. It is reported that his teachings in regard to Health and Beauty have taken so firm a hold here, that five of our leading young lady students have got together and are resolved to try for that goal, although they have in themselves enough of the meaning of those two words. Among the resolutions they have made, one is to buy an alarm clock each, tie them to their beds, set the alarm at some early hour, and when it clangs them out of their blissful slumbers, they will then jump out of bed and proceed to do some brisk and vigorous exercising. We have so far been unable to get their names, but in a week or so—pardon us for giving them such a short time, as we are so impatient—we will know, as they will become irradiant with beauty and health, which our Paul argues can be effected if they are faithful to their resolution.

With Spring only two months away, the bicycle riders among the cadets have evinced a longing to get on their silent steeds and pedal to some far away place and there spend the day among new surroundings. They have banded together and formed a bicycle club about two weeks ago. The officers are as follows:—President, James J. Seelig; Secretary, Vernon Birck; Treasurer, Barnett Zwoffe; Captain, Samuel M. Freedman.

They propose to take long spins on their wheels Saturday afternoons during the Spring and Summer months. Well, may they always have smooth roads and also be lucky enough not to pick up any tacks with their tires.

Sunday was a rainy day like the one before, and in fact nearly all have been the same since the beginning of the new year. This has been very discouraging to the skaters here, who see no prospect of using their skates again, especially, Sergeant Samuel M. Freedman, who bought a pair of racers "for a song," and is very anxious for the chance to show his heels to anyone who should be so impudent to challenge him to a race.

The Fanwood Fife and Drum Corps may be seen practicing diligently every day when they have spare time, in view of preparing for February 19th, when they will make their debut on the stage of Majestic Hall, at the entertainment and ball to be given by the League of Elect Surds.

Color Sergeant F. Berger went home on Friday afternoon to be present at a party given in honor of his birthday. He returned to school Monday with his pockets full of congratulations and reported that he left a trunk full of them at home.

Mr. Charles T. Andrews of the Department of Public Instruction made an inspection of the Institution last week.

Prof. W G. Jones' serial readings of "The Conqueror," every Sunday evening in the chapel, are increasing in interest, by reason that the novel describes scenes that occurred at places near this school, as the Jumel Mansion at 161st Street and Fort Washington, which is only a few blocks away.

Rev. Howard A. Johnston and Mr. George Robbins were visitors last Friday afternoon, and were very much interested in the school.

The Protean Society held its regular monthly meeting last Thursday evening, in its room at the cadet officers quarters.

W. R.

Eggs Will Not Boil on Mountain Top.

Most of the boys and girls have heard, no doubt, that although water may be made to boil at the top of a high mountain, it cannot be made hot enough to boil an egg. Perhaps they have puzzled over this a good deal, wondering why the egg will not boil if the water does. They know very well that if an egg be dropped into boiling water in the kitchen at their house, and allowed to remain five minutes, it will be boiled nearly as hard as a stone. Why, then, will it not do the same on a mountain top?

The reason is that it requires less heat to boil water on a mountain than it does down at the sea-level, and the water, therefore, does not get hot enough to cook the egg. Water boils on a mountain, say, three miles in height, at a temperature of about 185 degrees, but it will not boil at sea-level at less than 212 degrees. Now, as it requires a heat of 212 degrees to cook an egg, it is very plain why the water that boils at 185 degrees will not do the work.

But why will water boil at a temperature of 185 degrees on a mountain top?

When you put a kettle of water over a fire the water in the bottom of the kettle soon begins to get hot, and as it gets hot it rises to the top of the kettle, colder water coming down takes its place at the bottom. This goes on until all the water in the kettle becomes hot, and then, as it gets hotter and hotter little globules, or bubbles, of steam form at the bottom and ascend to the top, where they escape into the air.

This rise and escape of the bubbles of steam is called boiling, and it has been found that under ordinary conditions it will take place until the water reaches a temperature of 212 degrees, which is heat enough to cook an egg or any kind of food.

Now, you must remember that the pressure of air on everything around you is 15 pounds to the square inch, and that pressure, therefore, is on the surface of the water in the kettle, and has to be overcome by the bubbles of steam before they can escape from the water. They have force enough to escape when driven upward by a heat of 212 degrees, but not until then. On a mountain top, however, the conditions are very different. There the air is much lighter than it is at the sea level, and the pressure is less than 15 pounds to the square inch. Hence the steam bubbles do not meet with so much resistance in escaping from the water, and a heat of 185 degrees is generally sufficient to drive them out. In other words, a heat of 185 degress will boil water on the mountain top, and as water cannot be made any hotter when the steam begins to escape, you cannot make it hot enough there to cook food.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

HOT BATHS.

A German physician advocates in a German paper the frequent taking of hot baths. These, he urges, are much more healthful than the cold plunge, which he thinks few systems can stand. The water should be at a temperature in the beginning of 108 degrees F., this to be increased until the water is as hot as can be borne. The length of the first bath should not be more than five minutes, and at no time should it be longer than is agreeable with no sense of discomfort apparent.

The writer cites in support of his theory the practice common in Japan among all classes of its people of taking these hot baths. The porter walking along with his load and fatigued to the point of exhaustion, drops it for ten minutes while he takes a hot bath at some public bathhouse. He emerges refreshed and strengthened and goes on his way rejoicing.

The writer considers that there is no danger of taking cold after a hot bath and does not even advocate the use of a cold shower to follow the bath. Hot water is known to be an excellent cosmetic for the face, and it is only fair to assume that its revival of skin tissue is not confined to that part of the body.

How the Cash is Guarded.

Visitors who are conducted through the United States Treasury Building, and told of the millions in gold and silver coin, besides paper money and other evidences of value which are stored there, often wonder how it happens that Uncle Sam's strong box has never been robbed. This prize is certainly enormous but the safe-guards are not less notable.

The Treasury is guarded both by men and by modern mechanism. Every vault is connected with an electric alarm so sensitive that the slightest touch of the hand will sound a warning at the office of the guards and in the police stations at the city of Washington. False alarms have occasionally sent armed men hurrying to the Treasury. A signal allowed to continue would bring out the troops at Fort Meyer, three miles away.

Besides these mechanical safeguards, seventy-two men, under a captain, are engaged in watching the Treasury. Of these, one fifth are detailed for day service and two-fifths, for each of the two watches of the night. Secretary Shaw himself could not get into his own room after office hours, unless by the authority of the captain of the watch, to whom all the ordinary keys of the building are turned over at the close of the business day. The vaults are protected by time locks.

These watchmen carry loaded revolvers. The building is equipped with rifles, in case any attempt should be made on the Treasury by an organized band of robbers. One Treasurer, who worried lest the watch was not fully efficient, tried, by secreting himself in his office one night and moving with great care, to see how far he could go without detection. He was soon brought to a stand-still, with a pistol before him, by a guard who refused to let him lower his arms until he could be indentified by the lieutenant in charge. In guarding the Treasury, as in many other things in the world, adequate preparation for danger is the surest way of avoiding it. With all precious things the safeguards should be in proportion to the prize at stake.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Llama of the Andes.

What the camel is to the people of the deserts of Asia and Africa the llama is to those who dwell in the Andes, says W. E. Curtis in his book, "Between the Andes and the Ocean." The llama is a faithful, much-enduring beast, surefooted and speedy, without the services of which the inhabitants of some parts of the country would be utterly helpless, for mules and horses cannot endure the great altitude and the rarefied atmosphere. It costs nothing to keep llamas, they pick up their food by the wayside, although this seems almost incredible to those who know the barrenness of the terrible deserts.

Although the llama is naturally docile and obedient, he has a furious temper, and duels sometimes take place in the herd which continue until one of the combatants is killed, if both are not.

When frightened, the llama scatter over the desert, but when cornered they huddle in groups, with their tails together and their heads out to meet the enemy. Their only weapon of defense is their saliva, which then they are angry, they squirt through their teeth in showers, as a chinese laundryman sprinkles clothes.

A drop of this saliva falling in the ear or eye or on any part of the body where the skin is broken will produce a painful irritation, and sometimes dangerous sores, like those that result from the venom of a serpent.

The Boy Scored.

A Philadelphia paper relates this story, which is credited to a prominent lawyer of Pottsville, who was once a high-school principal. The former pedagogue said:

"One day at school I gave a very bright boy a sum in algebra, and, although the problem was comparatively easy, he couldn't do it. I remarked:

"'You should be ashamed of yourself. At your age George Washington was a surveyor.'

"The boy looked me straight in the eyes and replied:

"'Yes, sir; and at your age he was President of the United States.'"

BUFFALO AND ROCHESTER.

BUFFALO.

First and Third Sunday of each month (in the basement of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street), 8 P.M., Evening Prayer; Second Sunday, 11 A.M., Holy Communion; Fourth Sunday, 11 A.M., Morning Prayer.

All other Sundays (on the second floor of the Parish House, 128 Pearl Street, opposite St. Paul's Church).

Second and Fourth Fridays, 8 P.M. Meeting of the Pan-a-Pan Society, (in the Parish House).

ROCHESTER.

In Parish House of St. Luke's Church

First Sunday of month, 11 A.M. Holy Communion.

Second and Fourth Sundays, 7:30 P.M. Evening Prayer.

Third Sunday, 11 A.M. Morning Prayer.

First Thursday of month, 8 P.M. Ladies' Aid Society.

All other Thursdays, 8 P.M. Social gatherings.

A Persian Parable.

There was a certain man who thought the world was growing worse. He was always harking back to "the good old times," and was sure the human race was degenerating. Men, he said, were all trying to cheat one another; the strong were crushing the weak. One day when he was airing his pessimistic views, the calif said to him:

"I charge you hereafter to look carefully about you, and whenever you see any man do a worthy deed go to him and give him praise, or write to him about it. Whenever you meet a man whom you regard as worthy to have lived in the 'good old days,' tell him of your esteem and of the pleasure you have had in finding one so exalted, and I desire that you write out an account of these good deeds for me that I may share your joy in knowing of it."

The man was dismissed; but before many days he returned and prostrated himself before the calif. When ordered to explain his presence, he wailed:

"Have pity on thy servant and release him from the necessity of complimenting men upon their worthy deeds, O my master. And O Son of Mohammed, I pray thee absolve thy servaut from the duty of reporting to thee all the good that is going on in the world."

"And why, O slave, dost thou come to me with this prayer?" the calif asked.

"Since I have been looking for what is good," the man replied, "I have had no time to do aught but compliment men for their splendid works. So much that is glorious is all around me that I may not hope to be able to tell thee half of it. My tasks are neglected because I have no time—".

"Go back to thy work," said the calif. "I perceive that thou hast learned."

A Copenhagen daily newspaper announces that publication is suspended for three months to enable the staff to enjoy a long summer holiday.

Every Kaffir in Cape Colony must pay a labor tax of ten shillings a year, unless he can prove that he has worked for three months of the year.

It is a popular saying in Brazil that every ton of rubber from the Upper Amazon costs two lives.



THE REAL ESTATE OWNER

has the whole earth for a foundation to his fortune. Real Estate is the only permanent fortune. Real Estate, in a rapidly growing city, is a fortune that grows greater and greater all of the time and produces an income at the same time. Duluth is a rapidly growing city. The Howard Investment Company was incorporated in 1899, with an authorized capital of $500,000, to acquire improved real estate in Duluth. That is the only kind of real estate it owns or will own. Every investment made for the Company has the careful attention of its officers, who live in Duluth. The Company pays *cash* for all of its holdings. It has no indebtedness. By taking stock in the Howard Investment Company you are simply buying an interest in unencumbered improved real estate in Duluth, one of the most rapidly growing and promising cities in the United States.

Preferred Stock is $50 per share, 5 per cent. is guaranteed on this stock.

Common Stock is $25 per share. It will pay at least 6 per cent. from the start.

For further particulars and a list of stockholders, address

JAY COOKE HOWARD, Secretary.
DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

TRADE CYKO MARK
PRINTS AT NIGHT

CYKO Photo Paper

Prints at Night

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 20c. for one dozen 4 x 5 size with developer.

THE ANTHONY & SCOVILL CO.
122 & 124 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.
Atlas Block, cor. Randolph and Wabash CHICAGO.

PATENTS

Quickly secured. OUR FEE DUE WHEN PATENT OBTAINED. Send model, sketch or photo. with description for free report as to patentability. 48-PAGE HAND-BOOK FREE. Contains references and full information. WRITE FOR COPY OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER. It is the most liberal proposition ever made by a patent attorney, and EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD READ IT before applying for patent. Address:

H. B. WILLSON & CO.
PATENT LAWYERS,
Le Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Ranald Douglas.

General Landscape Photographer . . . Railway Scenery a Specialty .

We also make Etchings on Copper and Zinc from our own Negatives only.

Livingston, N. J.

ANNUAL DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT & RECEPTION

OF THE

League of Elect Surds

AT

MAJESTIC HALL, 125th Street, near Lexington Avenue

Half the Proceeds goes to the Sick Benefit Fund.

On Thursday, February 19, 1903

at Eight O'clock P.M.

PROGRAM.

THOMAS F. FOX, *Director Stage Entertainment.*

I. PANTOMIME—"THE RECRUITS."

Hans, a simpleton.....Mr. Wm. Lipgens
Capt. Siegel.....Mr. W. G. Jones
Carl, a recruit.....Mr. C. J. LeClercq
Recruits: Frederich, Gustave, Paul — Mr. F. W. Meinken, Mr. C. Sanford, Mr. Louis Cohen

II. EXHIBITION BY FANWOOD FIFE AND DRUM CORPS—THOMAS N. BULGER, Leader of Field Music.

1. First Call.
2. Assembly.
3. First Sergeant's Call.
4. Salute to the Colors.
5. Adjutant's Call and March, "Pretty little Sarah."
6. Sound off and March, "Old Colony," including, "Cheers to the Flag."
7. Inspection, "Duke of York."
8. Retreat and Hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."
9. March, "May Pole."

III. ROMAN LADDER TRIO—Mr. Trevanion G. Cook, S. Tompeto, George Rau.

IV. PANTOMIME—"THE ENCHANTED BRIDE"

Albert, an artist.....Mr. C. J. LeClercq
Conrad, a jeweler.....Mr. C. Sanford
Eduardo, a gardener.....Mr. L. Cohen
Henri, a tricky peasant.....Mr. W. Lipgens
Ghost.....Mr. I. Golland
Pauline, belle of the village.....Miss ——
Old Bibo, her father.....Mr. W. G. Jones

TO BE FOLLOWED BY DANCING.

MUSIC BY PROF. REIFF

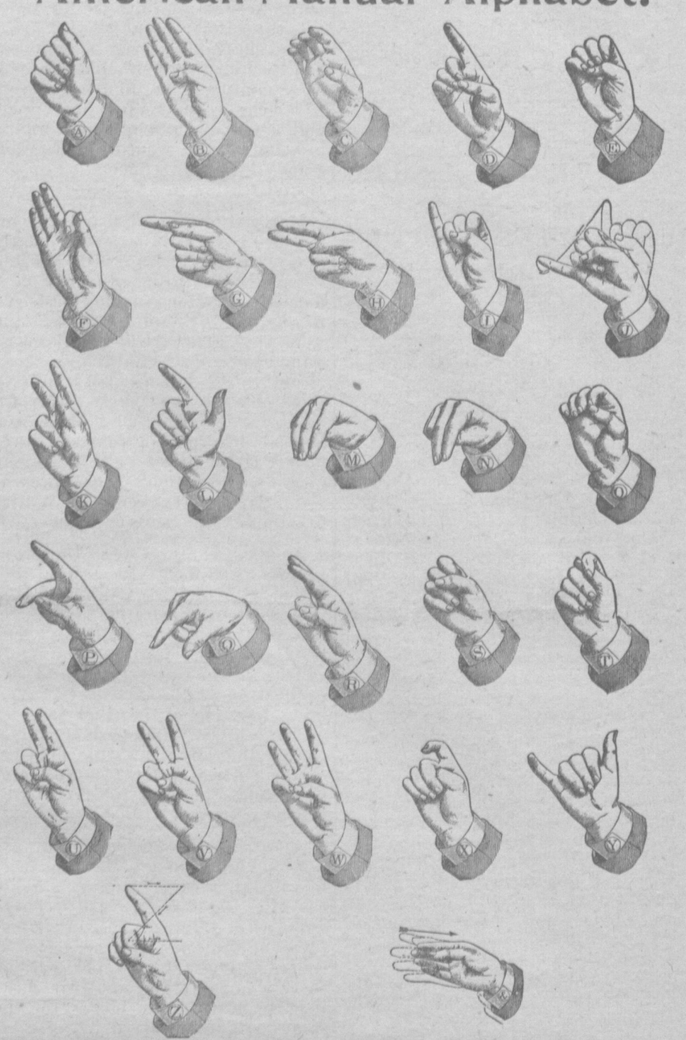
Tickets - - - - - - - 50 Cents each

No charge for checking hats and wraps.

Seats in Stage and Balcony Boxes can be secured at the hall on the evening of the entertainment for 25 cents extra.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Business Manager.*

American Manual Alphabet.



COME and SEE "FOXY GRANDPA and his BOYS" at the



Monster Masquerade and Costume Ball

OF THE

BROOKLYN DEAF-MUTES' CLUB

LIEDERKRANZ HALL,
Manhattan Ave. and Meserole St.,
BROOKLYN,

Saturday Evening, February 21, 1903.

MASQUERADE MARCH STARTS AT 9 O'CLOCK.

ADMISSION, - (Hat Check Free) - 25 CENTS.

Prizes for Costumes! Prizes for Costumes!

MUSIC BY CHAS. A. KLEINE.

HOW TO REACH THE HALL—From New York by the Bridge, take Graham Avenue Trolley Cars, and come off at Meserole Street, and then walk a block to the Hall. From 23d Street, 42d Street, Broadway and Grand Street Ferries, take Bushwick Avenue Trolley Cars, which pass the Hall.

Prizes! Prizes! Prizes!

COMMITTEE:

ALEX. McILWRAITH, Chairman,
FRANK ECKA, JOHN SHEA,
THOS. O'GRADY, J. BUCKLEY.

Photographs

BUFFALO 1901

Empire State Convention
Teachers of the Deaf
Supt's and Principals

Platinum	$2.00
Carbon	1.50
Silver	1.25

Sent on receipt of price.

PACH BROS.,
935 B'way, New York.

Groups

OR SINGLE PICTURES

with scenery, or house as background, a specialty.

For particulars, write or call on

JOHN L. CONNERTON,
River, cor. Hoosick Street,
TROY, N. Y.

Theo. I. Lounsbury

Book Job and Commercial Printer

Convention Proceedings
Institution Reports
Institution Stationery
Society and Church Work

208 East 59th St.,
NEW YORK, N. Y

ALPHABET CARDS.

50 Cards, with name,	.35
100 " " "	.50
250 " " "	1.00
50 Cards, without name	.25
100 " " "	.40
200 " " "	.75

EXTRA FINE VISITING CARDS.

50 Cards (no alphabets),	.40
100 " "	.60

Cash in advance. Stamps accepted. Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries, or for sample.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE Deaf-Mutes' Journal ONLY! $1 a Year.